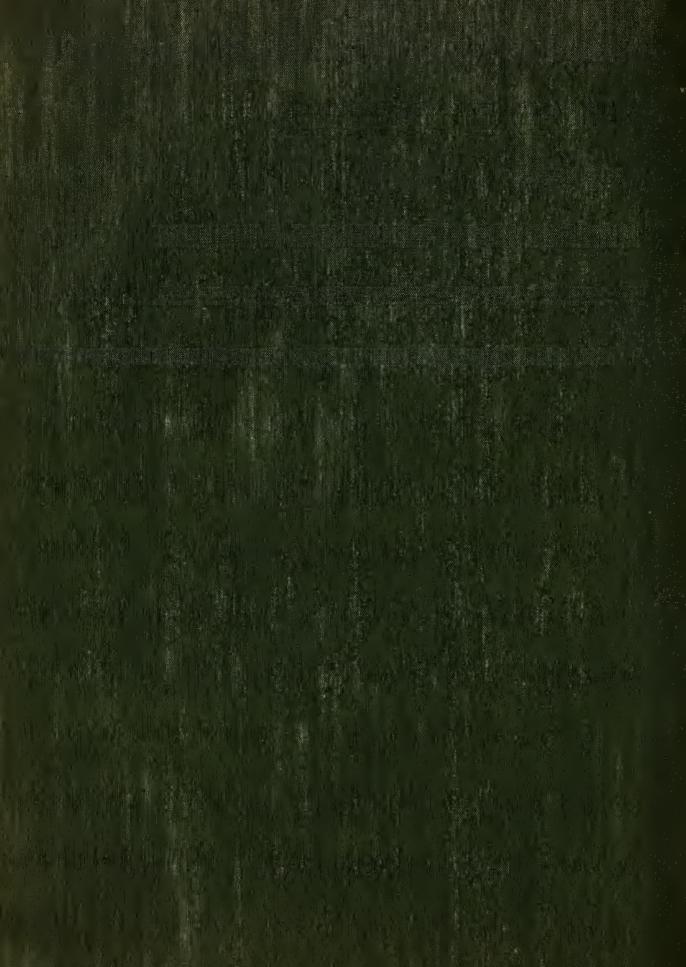
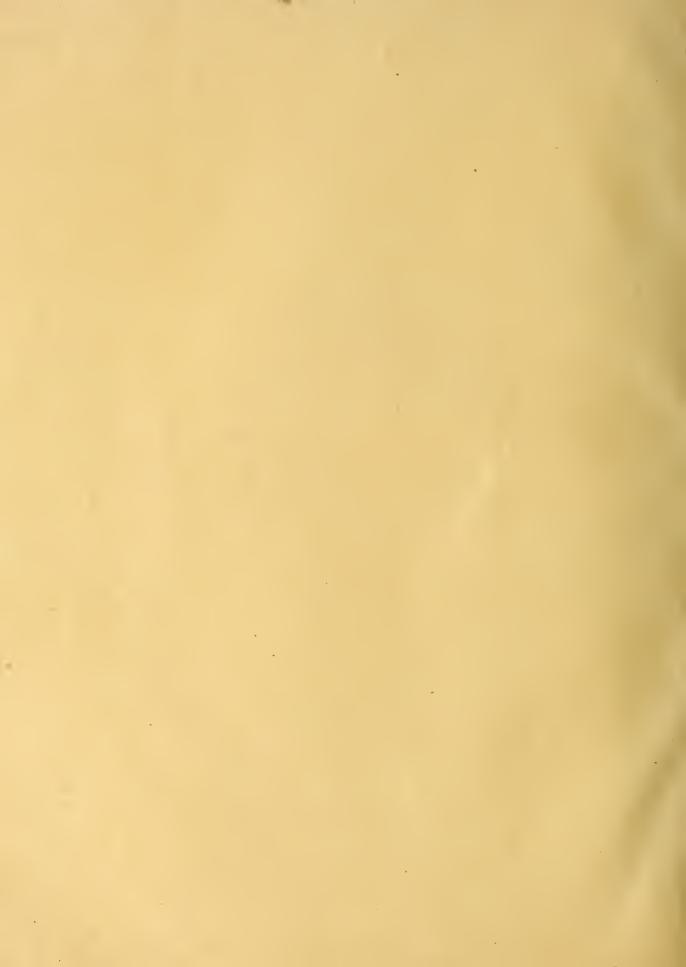
THE GALAX

1914











THE GALAX

VOLUME NINE 1914



EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
SENIOR CLASS OF DAVENPORT COLLEGE
LENOIR, NORTH CAROLINA

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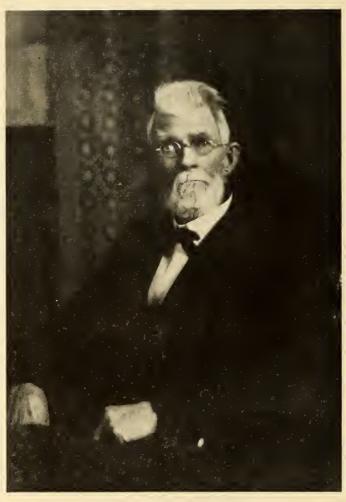


WE. THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1914, DEDICATE THIS, OUR GALAX

то

Mr. and Mrs. Ioseph Benjamin Cornelius

IN GRATEFUL APPRECIATION FOR
THE GIFT OF CORNELIUS HALL
TO DAVENPORT COLLEGE



Joseph Benjamin Cornelius

Born in Lincoln County, N. C., September the 1st, 1833. Educated in the schools of the day including one term at Olin Academy. The greater part of his life has been spent on the farm although interested in merchandising and manufacturing. By constant application and great industry he has attained to large success in every undertaking. He firmly believes that work is a Christian duty and in living out this creed he finds himself honored by hundreds of friends who admire him for his strong personality, great integrity of character and usefulness as an influential citizen. Mr. Cornelius has been a member of the Methodist Church for nearly sixty years and has always lived the life of a consecrated, high-toned Christian gentleman.



MRS. ANNIE ELIZA CORNELIUS

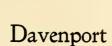
Born July 4th, 1841, daughter of Francis and Mary Sherrill. Married in 1859 to Joseph Benjamin Cornelius. A member and consecrated worker in the Methodist Church for a half century. Honored by many friends because of her charitable disposition and deeply religious character.

Forward of Editors

N ORDER that you may better understand and appreciate our Annual, read what we have to say.

While we know that our Annual is very much like the previous college Annuals, our aim, nevertheless, in publishing this book is that when in future years you turn its pages, it will recall to you many pleasant memories of your life while at Davenport.

We wish to thank Mrs. Gwyn and the art pupils—Ethel Montsinger, Annie Patterson, Knoxie Kiser, Jecoliah Medlin, Alice Ingold, Maud Mast and Edna Wilson—for the aid they so willingly gave us in pen sketches. We want to especially thank Miss Dwire for her assistance in typewriting our material for us. To all others who aided us in any way, we extend our heartiest thanks.



Davenport we honor thee, We would thy name adore, We want thy merits spread abroad As they've never been before.

D-A-V-E-N-P-O-R-T-, Each little letter a meaning all its own; Davenport, the best place on earth, By its good works it is known.

We wish for thee, dear Davenport All that good luck can bring, Here's to thy future prosperity; May thy praises forever ring.

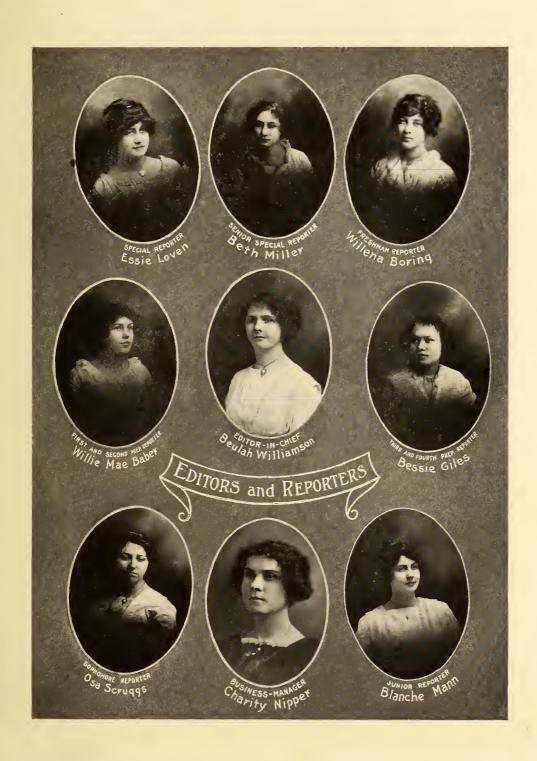
CLARA HORN.

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BEULAH WILLIAMSON		. Editor-in-chief
CHARITY NIPPER	Business	Manager

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WILLENA BORINGFr	eshman
Bessie Giles Third and Fourth Pref	paratory
WILLE MAE BABERFirst and Second Pref	paratory
Essie Loven	Special
BETH MILLERSenior	Special



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Vanderbilt University
President

MISS EVABELLE SIMMONS COVINCTON
A. B. Shorter College

Lady Principal

MISS EDITH LEE RADFORD

A. B. Randolph-Macon Woman's College

Mathematics and Physics

MISS ELIZABETH NORWOOD
Athens Female College; State Normal College of Georgia
Science and History

MISS EDNA HOLTZCLAW
Davenport College; A. B. Trinity College

Latin

MISS BEATRICE BULLA A. B. Vassar College French and German

MISS EVABELLE SIMMONS COVINCTON
A. B. Shorter College
English

MISS KATE JERMAN SHAW
Graduate Davenport College
Assistant in Latin and English

MISS MAMIE DWIRE Graduate Salem College Librarian



ART DEPARTMENT

Mrs. Rufus Lenoir Gwyn

Corcoran School of Art, Washington, D. C.; First Prize for Tapestry Painting. Richmond Art Club, Richmond, Va.; pupil of E. V. Valentine, Sculptor. Fifteen First Prizes on different branches of Art

* * * * *

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

MR. T. WILLARD BIRMINGHAM, Director

Graduate Cincinnati Conservatory of Music; College of Music of Cincinnati; five years Supervisor of Music, Public Schools, Mount Sterling, Ohio; Director Conservatory of Music, Scio College; President of School of Music and Fine Arts, Jackson, Missouri; Director Conservatory of Music, Columbus, Ohio; Life State Certificates in Ohio and Missouri for school music Piano, Voice, Chorus Work, and Public School Music

Mrs. S. C. Hebron

Pupil Madam Julie Rive-King, Chicago, Ill.; Special, Virgil Piano School, New York City Piano; Harmony

> MISS CLARA HORN Graduate Davenport College Practice Supervisor

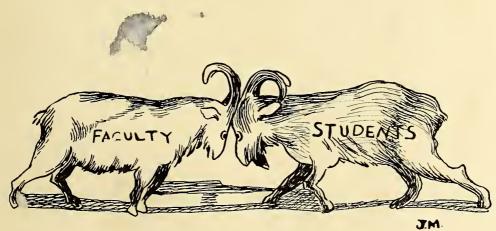
* * * * *

DEPARTMENT OF EXPRESSION

T. WILLARD BIRMINGHAM, Director



OUR PRESIDENT



KNOCKS



The College Song

Let us join a glad refrain, Let us make the welkin ring, While old "Davenport" we praise, Let the days be foul or clear, We have nothing now to fear, For life's roses bloom in happy college days.

CHORUS

Banded to-day in love we are, Sadly at last we'll part; Love with a kind and holy hand, Locks memories in each heart.

In the coming days of life,
If earth's sorrows dim the light,
Let us all these memories keep.
May no tears of vain regret
Hide fair visions from our sight,
While the notes of joy through every heart shall sweep.

Banded at last in love we'll die, Tho' we be far apart; Love with a kind and holy hand Locks memories in each heart. Love with a kind and holy hand Locks memories in each heart.

College Songs

Come, come! Everybody come and watch them play! Cheer, cheer! Everybody cheer for victory to-day. Watch that ball go thro' there, piling up the score. Davenport, Davenport, win some more. When the game is through we'll give one Great Roar.

Should Davenport e'er be forgot, Tho' far away we go; Should Davenport e'er be forgot, The echoes answer "No" For hearts are true and skies are blue Our mountains high and grand, Come back to old D. C. and to The noble Western land.

Gaudeamus igitur
Iuvenes dum sumus
Post iucundum iuventutem
Post molestam senectutem
Nos habebit humus.

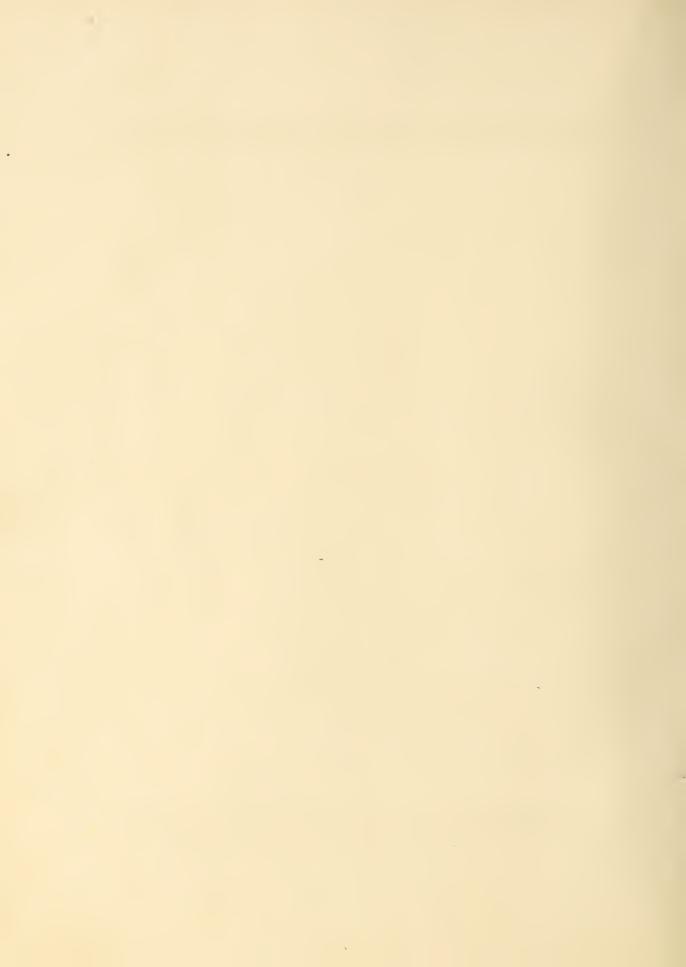
College Yells

Bum chick a rick, Bum chick a rick! Bum chick a rick, a rick a Bum chick a bah! Chick a bah bah chick a bah bah Davenport! Davenport! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Green and White! Green and White! Davenport girls are all right!

D—A—V—E—N—P—O—R—T'
Davenport! Davenport! Davenport!

Rippity! Rippity! Russ! What's the matter with us! Nothing at all, nothing at all! We're the girls that play basketball.



CLASSES



Senior Class

YELL

Allagaroo, garoo, garoo, Woh, boo, bah, zoo, Hi yix, hi yix, Hika, pika, doma, nika, Hong, pong, tippi, tika, Alaka, balaka, bah, Seniors, Seniors, Rah, rah, rah.

OFFICERS

MEMBERS

Annie Heafner Mary Parks Shell
Beulah Williamson Janie Tuttle
Mary Newland Olive Kent
Charity Nipper Nell West





JANIE TUTTLE

"Her heart is as far from fraud as heaven is from earth"





OLIVE KENT

"I can do rich embroidery,
And O sir, I can be modest"





MARY PARKS SHELL

"I do betray myself with blushing"





"Give not me counsel"



Mary Newland
"Cunning in music and mathematics"





Annie Heafner
"Her nature is too noble for the world"





Beulah Mae Williamson

"Waste no time in words"





CHARITY ELEANOR NIPPER
"Pardon the frankness of my mirth"

"Senior Class Poem"

The day is o'er, the night has come, Twilight shadows fall one by one, To my heart there comes a pain, A longing to go back again

To the college on the hill.

A yearning to go back once more,
Again to enter that dear old door,
From which many dear friends have come and gone;
They are striving at life's battles one by one,
Since they left the college on the hill.

Hark! Is that a bell, the sound I know so well? Again I have that dread and a dizzy crammed head; The bell is ringing its best, I'm going to a test Again at the college on the hill.

Eight weary, toil-worn Seniors
March in that dismal room,
Ten hard questions stare them in the face,
A strict but patient teacher is right there in her place,
At the college on the hill.

I lived again the blessed day,
With friends devoted and true,
Worked from early morn till late night
But the once hard duties now seemed light
Much lighter than they used to be
At the college on the hill.

The library door stands open,
We each walk in and take our place,
To-morrow comes a test on Psychology
So we know what we have to face,
Faithful Seniors at the college on the hill.



Oh, the sweetness of dreams
And sternness of things real,
I awake to find it all a dream.
All the pleasure and joy I feel,
I am no longer at the college on the hill.

Could we but take up those duties again, Could we but see again the faces as of yore; O again to be a care-free school girl, But alas, no more! no more happy days At the college on the hill.

We, the class of '14, will treasure in our hearts
The many fond memories with which we dare not part;
The kindness and the patience of our teachers dear
Will ever linger with us and we often long to be near
The college on the hill.

NELL WEST.

Senior Class History

E, THE Seniors of 1914, are eight in number and have reached "Seniorhood" through much plodding and uneasiness.

Our president Janie Tuttle is a typical Senior. She entered

Our president, Janie Tuttle, is a typical Senior. She entered Davenport in 1911 and her good behavior immediately gave us the impression that she was a preacher's daughter. In reality, she is not a preacher's daughter and "behind the scenes" she is as jolly as anyone else.

Beulah Williamson came to Davenport College in 1911 and has applied herself diligently the three years she has been here, as is shown by her "honorable mention" and good grades. She, like Janie, can be quite jolly and full of fun.

Annie Heafner also joined us in 1911 and we have always looked up to her with awe. For she always has seemed so deep and intellectual.

Nell West is a combination of good nature and good common sense. She has been here since 1910 and we have all learned to love her although we can never understand a word she says on account of her South Carolina brogue.

Charity Nipper is a "jolly good girl" whom everybody likes. She has had quite a share of honors and, strange to say, it has never given her the big-head. She entered Davenport College in 1910.

Mary Parks Shell is a "town girl" and has quite a head for Math. She began in the "Primary Department" of Davenport College and has continued steadily until she has reached the Senior Class.

Olive Kent is another "town girl" who entered the "Primary Department" when she was seven years old and has been coming to Davenport College since that year. She is a prodigy, having won a scholarship medal in her Sophomore year, and her good grades have become so common that even her family often forget to comment on them.

I, the historian, am the "Baby" of the class and also another "town girl." I entered the "Primary" with Mary Parks Shell when I was eight years old. So I feel quite "at home" at old Davenport College. It is all my classmates can do to keep me straight.

I must close my history now, wishing for my classmates all the success which the future years can possibly bring.

MARY NEWLAND.



Senior Class Prophecy

T WAS a warm day in June that I stood in the door of my old home in Texas looking out across the vast prairie, now thickly settled. I turned my eyes toward the South Lake, that alone with its silvery dancing waves remained the same. Presently a heavy mist ascended from the lake and was gradually wafted to the east where the particles of water assembled to make a cloud. Strange enough, ten years ago I alone had seen this incident but now there was the outline of old Davenport marked by fleecy clouds. What a longing came over me to see my classmates. I would give worlds to see them! Where were they?

Soon this reverie was broken by raindrops falling on the roof. I turned to my table on which was a letter from a friend in New York City. She insisted that I come to visit her. I had already decided that I would not undertake the trip when the door bell rang. It was a telegram from a friend stating that I must accompany her on a visit to New York, also saying we would visit several friends on our way back. I dared not fail.

Three weeks after leaving home, my friend and I were walking down Lexington Avenue when I heard someone say, Davenport. On turning around I saw a well dressed lady coming our way. Who is she? I asked. Her face is familiar. Ah! It is Janie, my old classmate while at Davenport College. But girls, I scarcely knew her, although she was neat as a pin as usual. Her step was more elastic and her eyes sparkled with the fire of youth. I knew she had a story to tell, and this is the substance of it. After a course of school teaching she decided to study missions. She had been in the foreign field for five years. But the romantic part of her story is, that while she was at home on a vacation, she married the New York man of whom she had often talked while poring over "Trig" in the library at Davenport College.

On leaving the city I was thrilled with joy at having met our beloved president when to my great surprise I met Beulah Williamson who was leaving on the same train. The same Beulah but still more dignified, but no wonder. She had gone to school several years after leaving Davenport College, and was now teacher of mathematics at North Carolina Normal. Just as I had expected, for when we would get stumped in math Beulah alone kept her reason and worked the problem.

We left her near Greensboro and a few days later while we were in Greensboro's depot awaiting our train I heard a girl laughing and saying at the same time, "Well, wait a minute; now let me tell you." "That is Charity," I can hear you saying. Sure it was, and the same little delicate girl, only a little more inclined

to laugh. And girls, you know what a great leader she was and how she delighted in going to every council or conference? Well they say she is one of the best Y. W. C. A. secretaries in the South Atlantic field. She was then just returning from Blue Ridge Conference and seemed so enthusiastic about her work. I thought she and "———" would have been married, but things change, you know.

The next classmate whom I met was Mary Newland, our good-natured musician. She was still the same picture of health and as jolly as ever. We all know how her parents worshipped her but that night they were supremely happy. Mary had just returned from Europe where she had been studying under the greatest masters. She had won honors too for herself from her splendid musical compositions.

A few weeks later I was walking along the Charleston beach with my friend when we met Mary Parks Shell. This was the last place that I would have expected to find Mary. "Well, I say, Annie." Isn't that like her? We sat down in the shade of a lighthouse tower and there I made her give an account of herself just as I did the others. After going to school a year or so longer, she became a teacher, but tiring of this she returned home to rest for a few years. She was not idle there, and while rendering her town great service as a civic league worker was also busy collecting thoughts from her observations while traveling for subject matter for those splendid novels based on social reform.

"As chance will have it I may meet all my classmates yet," I exclaimed. As we were turning the corner of one of the most beautiful streets in Charleston we saw an elegant home before us and in the side yard under the window stood a rather stout built lady cutting roses. As we neared the door she indifferently walked away with the air of "let it flicker," such a common expression of hers when we could not read Latin. "It's a pity about it, Nell." "Yes it is—every flower—" just then she recognized us. I did not find her one year older. She of all the girls seemed to enjoy life the most. Her surroundings were beautiful, just what she longed for when a schoolgirl. A while after leaving school she was a high school teacher and had a music class, but her husband, the Charleston man, would not allow that. He did consent to her having a music class, and now she is teaching her pupils a way to win hearts—as she won his.

I could not think of leaving this country without climbing the old Davenport hill once more. And almost the first thing that I heard after coming to Lenoir was that Olive Kent was coming home next week. For several years she had been secretary to the Governor of North Carolina and in the meantime had been a diligent student. Though they say she is a great believer in woman's suffrage she has not yet taken an active part in politics. And we do not know her plans for the future except that she is soon to be married to a very distinguished man from Raleigh.

As for me, I finally studied medicine, which was my heart's desire when at Davenport College and I'm now a practicing physician in my home town.

ANNIE HEAFNER.



Special Senior Class

Motto-Verite sans peur

Flower—Trailing Arbutus.

Colors-Pink and Blue

OFFICERS

Marian Long	President
Ethel Montsinger	Vice-President
Knoxie Kiser	Secretary and Treasurer
Beth Miller	Prophet
Knoxie Kiser and Ethel Montsinger	
Beth Miller	Reporter
Beth Miller	Class Musician

MEMBERS

Knoxie Kiser

Marion Long

Beth Miller





Marion Long Newton, North Carolina



ETHEL MONTSINGER High Point, North Carolina





ELIZABETH SINCLAIR MILLER Lenoir, North Carolina



KNOXIE KISER Reepsville, North Carolina

Prophecy of the Special Senior Class

T WAS one cold winter evening and feeling very tired, I sat down before the large fire to rest. I was thinking of bygone days—of days I had spent at Davenport College. It was exactly ten years since I had left school. What could have become of my classmates.

As I wondered I seemed to see a vision in the flames. Again I saw the old Davenport Campus, much prettier than it used to be, with many handsome buildings. Coming down the walk was a very sedate looking lady. Her face looked familiar. I recognized her. It was Knoxie Kiser. She had an air of authority—yes she was Davenport's beloved art teacher.

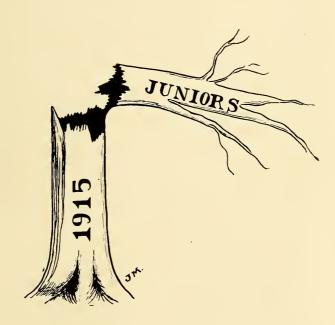
And now I saw another vision. Under the dazzling footlights of a theater appeared a beautiful girl. She seemed to star in the play in progress. From her graceful gestures I realized that this great actress was my old classmate Marion Long.

The coals slipped and another vision came to me. On the bank of a picturesque river sat a familiar figure which seemed intent upon the canvas and easel in front of her. Near by sat a handsome man who appeared quite interested in the work and the worker. I then recognized the painter as the girl who used to be Ethel Montsinger but who now evidently went by another name.

Now that my fairy of the flames had disappeared, I realized that it had grown quite late.

BETH MILLER.





Junior Class

Motto—If at first you don't succeed, try, try, again

Colors—Green and Gold Flower—Narcissus

YELL

Rickety, Rickety, sis bum bah! Davenport, Davenport, Rah! Rah! Rah! Juniors! Juniors! 'That's what we are!

OFFICERS

Margaret Tabor	President
LUCILLE WOMBLE	Vice-President
Knox BessSecre	etary and Treasurer
INEZ LE GETTE	
BLANCHE MANN	Reporter

MEMBERS

Knox Bess Vera Howell
Ethel Cline Inez Le Gette
Pearle Dawson Blanche Mann
Maude Dawson Margaret Tabor
Lucille Womble.





History of Junior Class

N THE class of 1915 there are nine girls. We have been wondering what the class would have done if we had succeeded in entering the class of 1914. Every girl in the class last year tried to go up higher except one, but finally after many faculty meetings we returned to keep Knox company.

Pearl and Maud have entered our class since Christmas and have been welcomed by all of us.

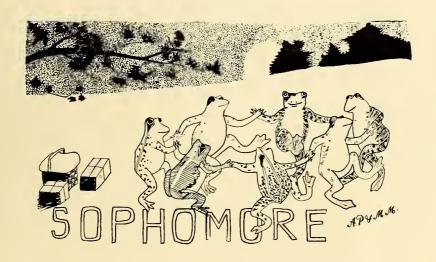
Yes, we are very dignified. We will be in practice next year and then won't have to say, "I was only trying to be dignified," we will be. Besides being dignified we have the best class in school. There are five Methodist Preachers' daughters in the class, so our influence is felt all over the college. Then our president, we are proud of her. Margaret won the Scholarship Medal last year.

As a usual thing the historian of a class claims that the class she represents is the greatest the world ever produced. Well, we don't claim that but it seems as if everybody approves of what we do, and even the Seniors are always telling us nice little things about the "Banquet."

To say we were disappointed about the "Junior Reception" does not express it. We finally got so tired asking for it we willingly gave it up and were glad to have something away from home. You can imagine how willingly we gave it up.

We are patiently trying to do the work of to-day as it should be done, realizing that we must have a firm basis upon which to do the work of to-morrow.

INEZ LE GETTE.





Sophomore Class

Motto—Aim at the stars and hold true to your aim

Colors—Gold and Black Flower—Pansy

OFFICERS

MEMBERS

Lucy Byers

Martha Call

Nora Neal Foard

Pearl Hauser

Mary Hoyle

Callie Hyatt
Kathleen Michaux
Mary Parks
Osa Scruggs
Mary Warlick







Sophomore Class History

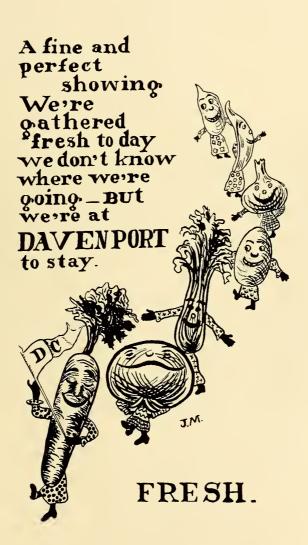
UR CLASS is small in number and almost all of the girls are remarkably small in stature, but despite these two seemingly overwhelming facts we are a Big Class. Our members are noted for their powers for staying on the honor roll.

Of our number, two, Michaux and Parks, are famous basketball players, and two others are fond of rubber soles and bloomers. Mary and Martha are like sisters; they room together, quarrel together, and, it is said, make up together, though I for one, don't know. Osa and Callie are our quiet members. They have never been called down, much less campussed, which is more than can be said of some.

We are all Tar Heels born and bred and will be Tar Heels till we're—well, at least, until we finish at Davenport. North Carolina is far famed for her brighteyed daughters; therefore we are not quite in a position to say that we will still be Tar Heels when we are dead.

We put all our best thoughts on our lessons for we hope to make the class of 1916 the brightest star in Davenport's brilliant crown. We realize that this is going to be rather harder than anything we have yet met with, but we are not of that weak kind who give up when obstacles arise. We always manage to surmount them triumphantly. Our motto is "Aim at the stars if you do hit the fence."

BYERS.



Freshman Class

Motto—Carpe diem

Colors—Garnet and Old Gold

Flower—Lily of the valley.

YELL

Razzle, dazzle, Razzle, dazzle, Sis-boom, bah Freshmen, Freshmen Rah, Rah, Rah.

OFFICERS

Lucy Gaston	President
JULIA GLANCE	Vice-President
HAZEL ROSS	
NELL CARPENTER	Treasurer
Lelia McLeod	Historian

MEMBERS

Willena Boring	Julia Glance
Nell Carpenter	Lelia McLeod
Lucy Gaston	Hazel Ross





FRESHMAN CLASS



History of Freshman Class

"WE ARE SEVEN."

UR CLASS is small, but we are just a nice number to have a good time at feasts, and on picnic excursions.

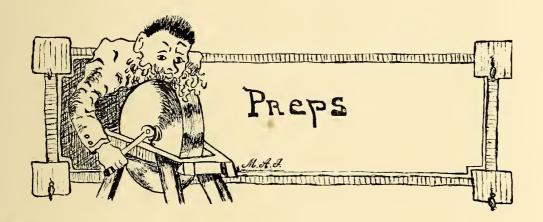
We are Freshmen who believe in sandwiching some fun in our work, for all work and no play makes Lucy a dull girl as well as Jack a dull boy.

During the first few weeks of school much of our time was spent in adapting ourselves to the ways of Davenport, and in getting through the usual fit of homesickness. Overcoming these difficulties, we applied ourselves to text books and planning good times.

Having safely passed mid-year examinations we began the spring term feeling as smart as Seniors, and with the determination to pass final examinations with flying colors, and also with the aspiration of making our college career prove us to be the greatest makers of Davenport history.

LELIA McLEOD.





Third and Fourth Preparatory Class

Motto-"Slow but Sure"

Colors-Red and Black Flower-Red Poppy

YELL

Rah! Rah! Rah! Hoop, hopp-se The very best class You ever did see.

OFFICERS

HELEN WARWICK President
CHARLOTTE RICE Vice-President
MARY HODGES Historian
ETHEL ERVIN Secretary
ANNIE WILLIAMSON Treasurer

MEMBERS

Estelle Barker Ethel McLeod Grace Collins Johnsie Newlin Ethel Ervin Iris Pitts Ruby Grier Mary Pence Bessie Giles Charlotte Rice Mary Hodges Glennie Rogers Annie Scruggs Alice Ingold Minnie Talbert Mary Willie Ivey Gladys Lowrance Annie Williamson

Helen Warwick





THIRD AND FOURTH PREP.

History of Third and Fourth "Prep." Class

HOUGH there are only eighteen of us, we are the members of a very important class. We are doing our work faithfully, and, in addition to this, some of our members are progressing rapidly in piano and voice, art, and expression. In later years we expect them to be quite famous.

We realize the truth in the saying, "There is no royal road to learning," and have applied ourselves so diligently that we are not excited in the least when a test on Algebra, Geometry, Cicero, or Biology is sprung upon us. Indeed, we prefer tests to anything else, as we do not have to study for them. We are so interested in our work that we have no time to indulge in being homesick.

Twelve of us came to Davenport this fall for the first time, but from our learning you would think we had spent many years in this institution. One of our boasts is that we have no parasites in our class. Though we are small we cherish lofty aspirations. When we return to Davenport as Seniors we expect to outshine any class which has ever gone out from this institution. It is to this end that we are striving so earnestly.

As we have been here such a short time we do not have much history so we will give way to the older classes.

May it always be said of each member of our class, "She hath done what she could."

MARY MAGDALENE HODGES.

First and Second Preparatory Class

Motto—Let a star be your goal and hitch your wagon to it

Colors—Red and White - - - - Flower—American Beauty Rose

YELL

Clickity, clackity.
Sis, boom, bah!
Prep Class, Prep Class,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

OFFICERS

MEMBERS

Mary Frances Angel Mamie Palmer Willie Mae Baber Eva Palmer Ruby Burton Hattie Ritchie Annie Doggett Janie Lumley Nell Holtzclaw Marguerite Smith Irma Hogan Sadie Tanner Lucy Tanner Hazel Hogan Majel Ivey Edna Wilson -Lallage Whisnant Annie Bess Palmer



FIRST AND SECOND PREP.

Special Class

Motto—We learn not for school but for life

Colors—Light Green and Pink - - - Flower—Pink Rose

OFFICERS

MEMBERS

Carrie Click Jecoliah Medlin
Majorie Duckworth Maud Mast
Ollie Hege Nell Moore
Anna Hargett Lucy Price
Essie Loven Annie Patterson

Sue Sigmon







SPECIAL CLASS

The Young Women's Christian Association

- HE Young Women's Christian Association is conducted by the following committees:
 - 1. Membership, whose aim is to have every girl in school become a member of the Y. W. C. A.
- 2. Devotional, whose aim is to bring girls to Christ, to build them up in Christ, to send them out for Christ.
- 3. Bible Study, whose aim is to organize and conduct classes for systemactic study of the Bible, and to encourage regular private devotions.
 - 4. Missionary, whose aim is to help the missionary cause.
- 5. Inter-collegiate, whose aim is to keep in touch with other colleges and answer all letters promptly.
- 6. Social, whose aim is to welcome new students, and to promote friendly social relations in the student body and to keep the Y. W. C. A. hall attractive.
- 7. Music, whose aim is to have good music each time for the Y. W. C. A. and to do the best work it can.
 - 8. Sunshine, whose aim is always to carry sunshine.

Y. W. C. A.

Motto—"I am come that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly."

Y. W. C. A.

OFFICERS

Lucy P	Price	Presi	dent
Сна	ARITY NIPPER	Vice-Presiden	t
N	Mabel Cherry	nding Secretary	
	LUCILLE WOMBLERecording	ng Secretary	
	ETHEL CLINET	Treasurer	

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

CHARITY NIPPER
Mabel, Cherry Devotional
Nell WestBible Study
Annie Heafner
JANIE TUTTLE Association News
CLARA HORNMusic
MARY PARKSSunshine
Margaret TaborSocial
Maud MastPoster
ETHEL CLINEFinance





Henry Timrod Literary Society

Motto: - - - Fiat Lux

Flower: - - - Daisy Colors: - White and Orange

OFFICERS

CHARITY NIPPER President

LUCY PRICE Vice-President

KNOX BESS Secretary

VERA HOWELL Treasurer

BEULAH WILLIAMSON Critic

NELL WEST Chaplain

INEZ LE GETTE Chief Marshal

RUBY BURTON Assistant Marshal

MEMBERS

Janie Lumley Mary Frances Angel Estelle Barker Willie Mae Baber Knox Bess Prof. T. W. Birmingham Willena Boring Ruby Burton Eva Palmer Mary Parks Lucy Price Mary Pence Myrtle Pence Annie Patterson Iris Pitts Charlotte Rice Mary Hodges Mary Hoyle Minnie Talbert Mand Mast Blanche Mills Jecoliah Medlin

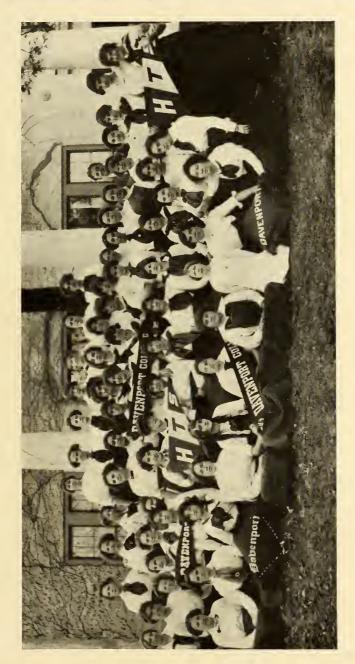
Kathleen Michaux Charity Nipper Annie Bess Palmer Mamie Palmer Lucy Byers Nora Neal Foard Lucy Gaston Bessie Giles Iulia Glance Nell Holtzclaw Annie Heafner Miss Holtzclaw Mabel Cherry Ethel Cline "Mother" Craven Grace Collins Martha Call Nell Carpenter Maude Dawson Marjorie Duckworth Glennie Rogers

Hattie Ritchie Ruth Sherrill Osa Scruggs Sue Sigmon Annie Scruggs Margaret Tabor Irma Hogan Callie Hvatt Pearl Houser Vera Mae Howell Ethel Ervin Anna King Knoxie Kiser Inez LeGette Essie Loven Cleo Wall Beulah Williamson Annie Williamson Mary Warlick Edna Wilson Lucille Womble Nell West

Lallage Whisnant

Hazel Ross





Sidney Lanier Literary Society

Motto-Loyalty, Fraternity and Fidelity

Flower—Red Rose

Colors-Red and White

OFFICERS

JANIE TUTTLE	President
	Vice-President
GLADYS LOWRANCE	Secretary
	Treasurer
	Chaplain
	Hall Marshal
	Assistant Marshal

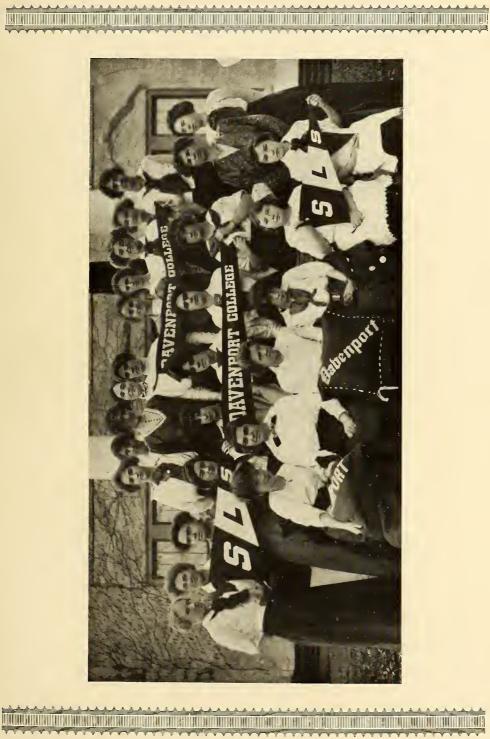
MEMBERS

Miss Covington
Miss Bulla
Miss Shaw
Mary Newland
Faye Johnson
Beth Miller
Mary Parks Shell

Alice Ingold
Johnsie Newlin
Janie Tuttle
Katherine Craven
Mary Willie Ivey
Ethel Montsinger
Hazel Hogan

Olive Kent
Blanche Mann
Clara Horn
Miss Norwood
Gladys Lowrance
Ethel McLeod
Lelia McLeod

Marguerite Smith
Helen Warwick
Ruby Grier
Lucy Tanner
Nell Moore
Anna Hargett
Carrie Click



Hobbies

Annie Heafner—Taking gymnastic exercises, after lights go off.

Annie Patterson-Loafing in Charity's room.

Clara Horn—Chasing Ollie.

Teachers—Having midnight feasts.

Ollie Hege-Going to the office.

Carrie Click—To get weighed (wade).

Annie Bess-Practicing "Robert."

Ruby Grier—Preparing for a wedding.

Lucy Gaston-Manicuring her nails.

Nora Neal—Playing her violin.

"Tab"-Talking about Sam.

Ethel Ervin—Being caught stealing peach butter.

Knox Bess—Talking of her "promiscuous" cousins.

Callie Hyatt—Pretending to study.

Maude Mast—Sending candy to—Mama.

Charity Nipper—Posing.

Seniors—Getting "stung."

Nell West—Eating Beans.

Margaret Tabor—Flirting (?)

Beulah Williamson—Going to photographer's.

Mrs. Hogan—Lecturing.

Helen Warwick—Reading David—Copperfield.

Mr. Birmingham—Insisting that the girls play "rag."

Janie Tuttle—Calling class meetings.





Music Class

Grace Collins
Irma Hogan
Lucy Tanner
Sadie Tanner
Hazel Hogan
Mamie Palmer
Annie Bess Palmer
Mary Hoyle

Maud Mast
Marguerite Smith
Charlotte Rice
Marjorie Duckworth
Callie Hyatt
Hazel Ross
Nell Holtzclaw
Beth Miller

Mary Newlan

Blanch Mann

Mary M. Hodges

Vera Howell

Bessie Giles

Mary Parks

Janie Lumley

Blanche Mills

Lallage Whisnant
Hattie Ritchie
Gladys Lowrance
Iris Pitts
Eva Palmer
Knoxie Kiser
Pearl Houser
Nell West





Statistics



"D"

Is for dainty, so you will agree That Mary Parks is daintiness right to a "T" So little and light and dainty and fair, That with her none can compare.

"A"

Is for amiable, goodhearted and true. Never a kind act she refuses to do, Lucile so jolly, generous, and kind, Her time is spent studying and improving her mind







"V"

Is for vocalist and Clara's voice
Is the one unanimous of our choice,

"E" Is for entertaining, Blanche Mann is she, Her words are lively, careless, and free.







"N"

Is for noisy, why won't this do? For Inez is always making some great "to do."

"P"

Is for pretty, tall, slender and gay, "This is Beth Miller"—why don't you say?







"O"

Is for optimist—'tis Willie Mae, who is always happy No matter what comes along with the day.

"R"

Is for "reddy"—'tis Charlotte Rice,
Whom everybody thinks is very, very nice.







"T"

Is for talkative, Marjorie is the one For when she gets started you want to run.

"C"

Is for cronies and strange to say, They've roomed together for many a day; Sometimes they work and oftentimes play, But they always do it in a joint-hearted way.







"O"

Is for original, 'tis Eva Palmer,
For with her witty sayings she is quite a charmer

"L"
Is for lazy, 'tis Ruby Burton,
And of that fact I am truly certain.







"L" Is for lively, so Helen seems to be The liveliest girl at Old D. C.

"E" Is for early bird, 'tis Hazel Ross indeed, Who always gets up early her lessons to read.







"G"

Is for the girl whom we call good 'Tis Lucy who for the right has always stood.

"E"

Is for energetic and strange to say, We all envy Ethel and her vigorous way.



Characteristic Sayings

Annie Heafner—"Good land, that's the limit."
Mary Newland—"Well peo-ple!"
Clara Horn—"I thank you."

Osa Scruggs—"I have a beautiful understanding."

Beulah Williamson—"Search me."

Nell West—"Pity about it."

Hattie Hitchie-"Listen here."

Kathleen Michaux—"A-men."

Sue Sigmon—"It's just like this."

Olive Kent-"Yes sir-ree."

Janie Tuttle--"Well! did you ever?"

Martha Call—"It's just this way."

Irma Hogan—"Where's Lucy?"

Mary Parks Shell-"Not that I know of."

Charity Nipper—"Come on! 'es hurry."

Anna Hargett-"Prunes and prisms."

Ethel Cline-"Come and set."

Annie Patterson-"I got to go to Charity's."

Annie Scruggs-"Well I say!"

Edna Wilson—"Aint you talking?"

Town Seniors—"I can't work this evening."

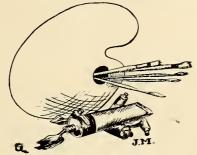
Miss Holtzclaw—"Seniors should never make such mistakes."

Mrs. Hogan—"Girls! You can just pay for those dishes."

Mary Hoyle—"Bubber."

Mr. Birmingham—"Girls! Give me a dollar."

其儿上1 下特人 T特特特/人大村



Dear to our hearts ever
Alma mater, our bonds we never shall sever
Verily we love her old walls
Echoing with memories are your halls.
Nature hath done her best
Portraying her grand old mountains at rest.
Over beyond the hills we gaze
Resting our eyes on the blue blue haze
Trying to fathom the meaning of art.

A-rt is in the air,
R-are beauty every-where,
T-empting artists to come here.

C-ome ye artists don't you see L-enoir is just the place for thee? U-nited we shall always stand! B-ound together hand in hand.

The Art Club

Regent	"Jimmie" Montsinger
Vice Regent	
<i>Scribe</i>	"Stella" Barker
Keeper of the Keys	"Fancy" Patterson
Most Talented	"Jack" Medlin
Joker	
Most Romantic	
Most Sentimental	"Trixie" Mast
Heart Breaker	"Purity" Ingold
Poet	"Scrib" Burton
Most Studious	
Entertainer	

MEMBERS

Ethel Montsinger
Knoxie Kiser
Maud Mast
Myrtle Pence
Mrs. H. Sherrill
Jecoliah Medlin
Alice Ingold
Annie Patterson
Edna Wilson
Hattie Ritchie

Ruby Burton
Ethel McLeod
Estelle Barker
Ethel Coffee
Ray Booth
Dorothy Kanoy
Margaret Moore
Mrs. Kanoy
Mary F. Angel





THE ART CLUB





SISTERS OF JEFF AND MUTT



S. S. Club

<i>Motto</i>	If we can't be sensible, be silly
Flower	Forget-me-not
Favorite Pastime	Making out orders for Saturday night
Time of meeting	After midnight

MEMBERS

Martha CallJeff
Mary HoyleJim
Mary ParksPete
Annie Patterson
Lucy PriceTed
Charlotte Rice





S. S. Club

"Halloughboughlettes"

Chief Occupation
Watchword
Place of MeetingSomewhere
Time of Meeting
National Air

MEMBERS

Anna Hargett		,,
Tab Michaux	"H	ope"
Blanche Mann	"(Charity''
Essie Loven		"Love"
Helen Warwi	ck	"Innocence"
Alice Ingo	old	"Purity"
John N	Newlin	······································
Bill	Baber	
	Miss Shaw	





HALLOUGHBOUGHLETTES

Preachers' Daughters' Club

REPORT OF DAVENPORT CIRCUIT FOR 1913-14

Motto—"Be ye fishers of men."

Presiding Elder Elder Mann

Evangelist	Evangelist Barker
NAME OF CHARGE	PREACHER IN CHARGE
Norwood Station	City Preacher, Hargett
Norwood Circuit	
Shaw Station	
Holtzclaw Circuit	Parson Dawson
Shaw Circuit	Pie-ous Cherry

Radford Street Memorial Doctor LeGette

FINANCIAL REPORT

NAME OF CHARGE	ASSESSED	PAID
Norwood Station	5 pitchers of syrup.	In full.
Norwood Circuit	. 1295 postage stamps.	1265.
Shaw Station	I peck of turnips.	½ peck.
Holtzclaw Circuit	15 boxes of crackers.	12 boxes.
Shaw Circuit	3 dozen apples.	2½ dozen.
Dining Room Station	15 yards of tatting.	10 yards.
Radford Street Memorial	3 boxes of candy.	2 boxes.
Norwood Chapel	10 Shakespeare plays.	In full.





PREACHERS' DAUGHTERS' CLUB

"Town Girls"

Faye Johnson
Olive Kent
Mary Willie Ivey
Majelle Ivey
"Jack" Harshaw
Lelia McLeod
Ethel McLeod
Beth Miller
Mary Newland
Mary Parks Sheli.





TOWN GIRLS' CLUB

F. A. C. Club

Aim	od and wash dishes
Favorite Saying"Ye goo	ds and little fishes"
Place of Meeting	Behind the oak tree
Time	Every Day
Chief Occupation	ng the office window
MEMBERS	
Inez Le Gette	"Lad"
Annie Bess Palmer	''John''
Sue Sigmon	"Lee"



F. A. C. Club

Athaloficas among



Tennis Club

Colors-White and Black

OFFICERS

Anna	HargettPres	sident
	GLADYS LOWRANCE	
	CHARITY NIPPER Secretary and Treasurer	

MEMBERS

ance
ipper

Inez Le Gette
Janie Tuttle
Beulah Williamson
Edna Wilson
Helen Warwick
Sue Sigmon
Osa Scruggs
Nora Neal Foard
Ollie Hege
Annie Bess Palmer
Mamie Palmer





TENNIS CLUB





BASKETBALL SQUAD



"Dixie"

Faye Johnson
Nell Moore
Helen Warwick
Annie Heafner
Ethel McLeodGuard
Marjorie DuckworthForward
Blanche MannForward
Lallage WhisnantForward
Mary HodgesForward



"Tar Heel"

Hazel Ross
"Tab" Michaux
Lucy Byers
Nora Neal Foard
Annie Scruggs
Hattie RitchieForward
Ruby GrierForward
Willie Mae BaberForward



Lickers

Mary Parks
Jecoliah Medlin
Essie Loven
Hazel Hogan
Ruby Burton
Iris PittsForward
Lucy GastonForward
Inez Le GetteForward



Winners

Bess Knox
Ethel Cline
Willena BoringGuard
Eva Palmer
Vera HowellForward
Grace CollinsForward
Johnsie NewlinForward
Marguerite SmithForward





Jokes

New Girls: Say! How high do they go in Math here, to Athletics? * * * * * Grace Collins: Say! Charity, how much do your class rings cost? Charity: They are for Seniors only. Grace: Would you care if—I should—get one? **\$ \$ \$ \$ \$** Mary Newland: Has the "cosine" bell rung? * * * * * Pearl Dawson (At Drug Store): Have you any "Milk Chocolate?" * * * * * Lucy Gaston: Who wrote the Courtship of Miles Standish,—Shakespeare? * * * * * Mr. Craven: Wanted. A carload of fresh salt. * * * * * Pearl Hauser: Didn't Thanksgiving come on Wednesday last year? Gladys: Yes. Osa Scruggs: What is one of the seven wonders of the world? Margaret: The "Pyrenees" in Egypt. * * * * * Ruth Sherrill (At the bakery): Have you any chamois skins? ***** * * * * Charlotte Rice: Wonder if "they" will campus me for wearing red hair to church? Ruby Burton: What are you studying? Lucy Byers: Cæsar. Ruby: What Cæsar, Cicero? New Girl: What is the elevator for?

***** * * * *

Senior Class: Janie, go to Mr. Craven with the privileges now.

"Tab": To carry up the Seniors' books.

Janie: Wait until I get a handkerchief.



Mrs. Hogan (Seeing fog on Hibriton): Oh! Look at the smoke. That mountain must be on fire.

* * * * *

Mary Hoyle: Charity, please tell me the shortest one of Julius Cæsar's plays.

Annie Williamson: Columbus discovered America in 1494. That is the only date I know.

* * * * *

Ruby Grier: Sure enough, does Easter come on Saturday or Sunday this year?

* * * * *

Maud Mast: Girls, I know what the sine and cosine are in Psychology.

* * * * *

Beulah (Giving critic's report in Society): Several members forgot to address the programme.

* * * * *

Nell West (Thinking of Mr. Birmingham's asking for a dollar for the new building): Girls, I can't give a hundred dollars.







TEACHER TRAINING CLASS

In Memoriam

MRS. JAMES H. WEAVER

Born in Jefferson, North Carolina, March 30th, 1851. Died in Monroe, North Carolina, February 28th, 1914.

ONE OF THE TRUEST FRIENDS
OF DAVENPORT

"Farewell"

At the end of four long years We've come to say good-bye, And to think of leaving Davenport Causes many a sigh.

For Davenport we've done our best For us she has done the same, And ever as the years roll on We'll glorify her name.

Sometimes our tasks seemed hard—Slowly the days would pass, 'Tis sadness to us now to think Those days were our last.

Now out into the world we go Each one a certain work, We'll think of our D. C. training And never our duties shirk.

Good luck to our Alma Mater Is the wish of the class of '14; May she win fame and honor And near her good works be seen.





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Lenoir Drug Company

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H. M. TEAGUE PHOTOGRAPHER

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J. H. RIDDLE, Sec. and Treas.

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A. A. Ford, Asst. Cashier

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